



A BIT OF OLD FALMOUTH

# RAMBLES IN CORNWALL

BY  
J. H. WADE, M.A.

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS  
AND AN END-PAPER MAP



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# RAILWAY MAP OF CORNWALL

Railways & Stations thus:

Railway Motors thus

Reference:

- 1 Pengersick Castle
- 2 Restormel Castle
- 3 Mt. Edgcumbe
- 4 Trematon Castle
- 5 Jamaica Inn
- 6 Dozmare Pool
- 7 Brown Willy
- 8 Row Tor
- 9 Brown Gilly
- 10 Caradon Hill
- 11 Kilmarth Tor
- 12 Kit Hill

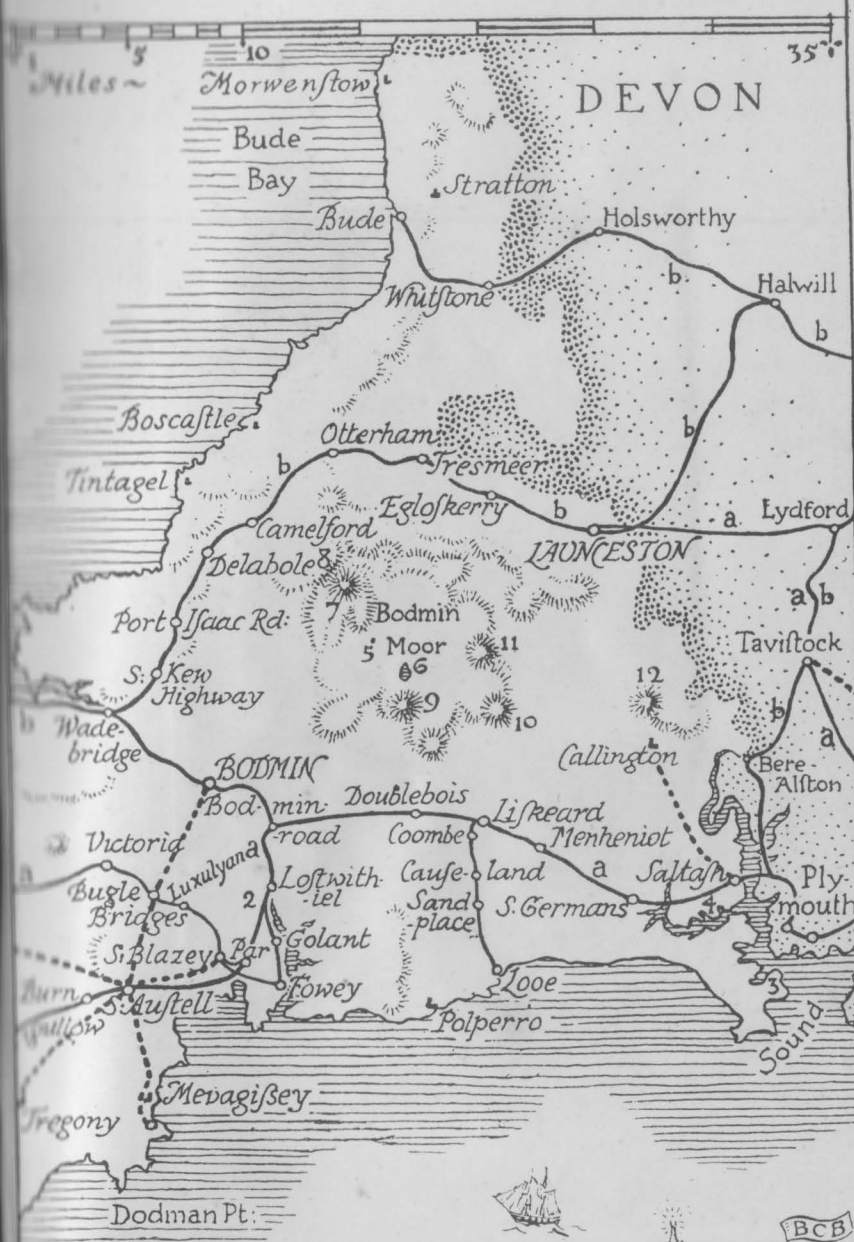
Railways

a a : from  
Paddington

b b : from  
Waterloo



# RAILWAY MAP OF CORNWALL



## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
PREFACE . . . . .	vii
I. THE DELECTABLE DUCHY . . . . .	I
<p style="margin-left: 40px;">Its general character—Coastal and inland scenery  —Towns and villages—The moors and mining  district—History, antiquities, and architecture—  Climate and flowers.</p>	
II. SALTASH AND THE TAMAR . . . . .	8
<p style="margin-left: 40px;">The Royal Albert Bridge—Saltash—St.  Stephen's Church and Trematon Castle—The  Lynher estuary and Ince castle—Antony  House and Torpoint—The Tamar—Botus  Fleming and Landulph—St. Mellion—Pillaton  —Landrake—The Rame peninsula.</p>	
III. CALLINGTON AND KIT HILL . . . . .	18
<p style="margin-left: 40px;">Callington—Kit Hill—Dupath well—Calstock—  Cothele House—St. Dominic—South Hill—Lin-  kinhorne—Stoke Climsland—The valley of the  Lynher—St. Ives—Quethiock.</p>	
IV. AN ANCIENT SEE TOWN . . . . .	25
<p style="margin-left: 40px;">St. Germans and its church—Port Eliot—  Polbathic—Shevioc—Antony—Port Wrinkle  and Donderry—Tideford and St. Erney.</p>	
V. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LISKEARD . . . . .	32
<p style="margin-left: 40px;">Liskeard—St. Cleer—The Trethevy Quoit—  The Doniert Stone—The Hurlers—The Cheese-  wring—St. Neot—The Golytha Falls—The Looe  valley and St. Keyne—St. Pinnock—Menheniot  and the Seaton valley.</p>	
VI. LOVELY LOOE . . . . .	43
<p style="margin-left: 40px;">East and West Looe—The rivers—St. Cuby's  well—Duloe and its circle—Watergate and St.  Non's well—Talland—Polperro—Lansallos—  Trelawne—Pelynt—Lanreath—The Giants'  Hedge—The Seaton valley—St. Martin's Church.</p>	

## CHAPTER

## PAGE

VII. THE COURT IN THE WOOD	52
Lostwithiel—Restormel Castle—Lanhydrock House—Braddock—Boconnoc Park—Lanlivery—The Luxulyan valley—St. Blazey—Carmears waterfall—Lerryn—St. Winnow.	
VIII. 'TROY TOWN'	60
Fowey and its harbour—The church and Place—Nelson Point—Menabilly—Golant and St. Samson's Church—Polruan—Lanteglos—St. Veep.	
IX. AMONG THE CLAY PITS	66
St. Austell—The Carclaze pit—Charlestown—Porthpean—Par and Tywardreath—St. Stephens—St. Dennis—Roche and its rocks—Pentewan—Mevagissey—Gorran Haven and St. Gorran—Caerhays Castle and Church—Portholland—St. Ewe—Grampound and Creed—Tregony and St. Cuby's Church—Ruan Lanihorne—Veryan and Carne Beacon—Portloe.	
X. THE CATHEDRAL CITY	77
Truro and its cathedral—The river—Malpas and St. Clements—St. Michael Penkevil and Lamoran—King Harry's Passage—Feock—Perranarworthal—Kenwyn—St. Erme and St. Allen—Tresillian Bridge—Merther—Probus—Ladock.	
XI. THE HAPPY HARBOUR	87
Penryn—St. Gluvias Church—Mabe—St. Constantine—St. Budock—Flushing—Mylor—Falmouth and its harbour—Pendennis Castle—Swan pool—Mawnan—Mawnan Smith—Gweek—St. Mawes Harbour—St. Anthony and the Porthcuel River—St. Gerran and Portscatho—Dingerein Castle—St. Just in Roseland—St. Mawes and its castle.	
XII. THE LIZARD PENINSULA	97
Helston—Penrose and Looe Pool—Porthleven—Sithney—Prospidnick hill—Breage—Tregoning and Godolphin hills—Germoe—Pengersick Castle and Praa sands—Gunwalloe Church—Mullion and its cove—Kynance cove—The Lizard—Landewednack—St. Ruan Minor and Cadgwith cove—Grade—The Three Brothers—Coverack—St. Keverne and the Manacles—Porthoustock—Porthallow—St. Anthony in Meneage—Manaccan—St. Mawgan—St. Wendron.	

## CHAPTER

## PAGE

XIII. 'THE GUARDED MOUNT'	III
Marazion—St. Michael's Mount—Goldsithney and St. Hilary—St. Erth—Ludgvan.	
XIV. PENZANCE AND THE LAND'S END	118
Penzance—Newlyn—St. Buryan—The Dawns Men—Boleigh—Lamorna valley—Mousehole—Paul—The Boscawen circle—Sennen and its cove—The Land's End and its cliffs—St. Leven—Porthcurnow and the Logan stone—Sancreed—Cape Cornwall—St. Just—The Tregaseal circles—Pendeen—Chun Castle and Quoit—The Lanyon Quoits—Madron and its well—Mulfa Quoit—Bosporthenis—Gurnard's Head—Zennor and its Quoit—Towednack—Castle-an-Dinas—Chysoster—Gulval.	
XV. HAYLE AND ST. IVES	137
Hayle—Phillack Church—St. Gwythian and its oratory—Godrevey Point—Gwinear—Lelant—Carbis Bay—St. Ives—Tren Crom.	
XVI. THE MINING REGION	143
Camborne—Pendarves and its cromlech—Crowan—The Nine Maidens—Carn Brea—Redruth—Gwennap pit—St. Day—Gwennap—St. Stythian—Illogan—Porthreath—Porthtowan—St. Agnes and its beacon—Trevaunce strand.	
XVII. NEWQUAY	152
Newquay—Crantock—Cubert and Holy Well Bay—St. Perran's oratory and Round—Perranporth—Newlyn East—Mitchell—St. Ednoer—Porth—St. Columb Minor—Rialton Priory—Colan—St. Columb Major—Watergate Bay—The Lanherne valley—Mawgan-in-Pydar.	
XVIII. IN AND ABOUT THE COUNTY TOWN	160
Bodmin and its church—The Beacon—Glyn and Dunmeer bridges—Lanivet—St. Benet's priory—Cardinham and its Bury—Blisland.	
XIX. THE BODMIN MOORS	166
Their character—Bolventor—Brown Willy and Roughtor—Hawks Tor—The Stripples and Trippet stones—Temple—St. Bellarmine's Tor—Brown Gilly—Dozmare pool—Trewortha marsh—The Smallacombe enclosures.	



## RAMBLES IN CORNWALL

## CHAPTER

## XX. THE ESTUARY OF THE CAMEL

PAGE

173

Wadebridge—Eglosayle—The Kelly Rounds—  
St. Mabyn—St. Tudy—St. Kew—St. Breock—  
The Druids' altar—The Nine Maidens—St. Wenn  
and St. Withiel—Padstow and its church—  
Prideaux Place—Trevone and Harlyn Bay—  
Trevose Head—St. Constantine and Porth-  
cothan—St. Eval and St. Erven—Bedruthan  
steps—St. Merryn—Little Petherick and St.  
Issy—Rock—St. Minver—St. Endellion—Port  
Isaac—Porthquin—Polzeath—St. Enodoc.

## XXI. CAMELFORD

186

Camelford—Delabole—Trebarwith strand—  
Slaughter bridge—Davidstow—Warbstow barrow  
—Otterham—Lanteglos and St. Teath—Michael-  
stow—St. Breward—Hellesbury—The Devil's  
Jump—Advent Church—The ascent of Rough-  
tor.

## XXII. A REALM OF OLD ROMANCE

194

Boscastle and its harbour—Forrabury Church—  
Trevalga—St. Neighton's Kieve—Bossiney—  
Trevena—Tintagel Castle and Church—Minster  
—Lesnewth—St. Juliot.

## XXIII. THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL

203

Bude—Stratton—Launcells—Poughill—Kilk-  
hampton—The Combe valley—Morwenstow—  
Widemouth Bay—Poundstock—St. Gennys and  
Crackington Haven—Jacobstow—Week St.  
Mary—Maramchurch.

## XXIV. LAUNCESTON

212

Launceston—Its castle and church—Newport  
and St. Stephens—Lawhitton—Lezant and  
Trecarel—South Petherwin—Boyton and  
North Tamerton—Lewannick—Altarnon—  
Lancast—St. Clether and its well—Treneglos  
and Tremaine—Egloskerry—North Hill.

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

## RAILWAY MAP OF CORNWALL

*Front End-papers*

(From a drawing by B. C. Boulter)

## A BIT OF OLD FALMOUTH

*Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

## DUPATH WELL

20

(Photograph: Hayman &amp; Son, Launceston)

## \*EAST AND WEST LOOE

44

## \*POLPERRO

48

## †POWEY HARBOUR

62

## \*TRURO

78

## WRECK OF THE 'MOHEGAN' ON THE MANACLES

108

(Photograph: Gibson &amp; Sons, Penzance)

## \*ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

112

## \*THE ARMED KNIGHT AND THE LONGSHIPS

128

## MULFRA QUOIT

134

(Photograph: Gibson &amp; Sons, Penzance)

## \*ST. IVES' HARBOUR

140

## †LANHERNE CROSS

158

## †BROWN WILLY

168

## \*TINTAGEL CASTLE

198

## †LAUNCESTON

212

## GREYSTONE BRIDGE OVER THE TAMAR

216

(Photograph: Hayman &amp; Sons, Launceston)

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† Photographs: F. Frith &amp; Co., Ltd., Reigate

shady walk that leads to the mouth of the creek, and then make his way to St. Mawes by a field-path near the upper lych-gate, for it commands a continuous view of the Fal.

Of all the places in the immediate vicinity of Falmouth, St. Mawes is one of the most inviting. It is merely a string of unpretentious houses facing its tree-clad harbour, but there is a restful beauty in its unaffected simplicity which is quite captivating, and its surroundings are exquisite. It has, however, few features of interest. Its only curiosity is its castle standing on the western verge of its harbour. The fortress was built about the same time as Pendennis, which it resembles in construction, but it is rather more picturesque without and more interesting within. Its cylindrical form is relieved by some projecting semicircular bays. Above its external doorways are carved some Latin inscriptions said to have been penned by Leland. In the Civil War it was held for the king by Sir Richard Vivian, but was surrendered to Fairfax in 1646. An ancient tin ingot, shaped like a knuckle-bone for transport on the back of a mule, was dredged up in the harbour in 1825 and is now in the Truro museum. Half-way up a steep lane fronting the pier is the site of St. Mawes Well, a spring at one time held in much repute, for it was the saint's first work on settling here as an anchorite to dig the well and to carve for himself a chair out of the rock beside it. People in this case have not been content to let well alone, for they have built a wall over it and St. Mawes seems to have taken his bit of furniture with him.

## CHAPTER XII

## THE LIZARD PENINSULA

Now here the sighing winds, before unheard,  
Forth from their cloudy caves begin to blow,  
Till all the surface of the deep is stirred  
Like to the panting grief it hides below,  
And heaven is covered with a stormy rack,  
Soiling the waters with its inky black.

Hood

HELSTON is as much the capital of the Lizard Peninsula or Meneage (Menague) as Penzance is of the Land's End district. It is its one and only town and forms for the tourist an admirable base of operations. He will find it a pleasant as well as a convenient sojourning place. It is Helston's boast that it is ten miles from everywhere, but this is a too modest statement of its distance from the Lizard; it is twelve miles, and the journey thither seems even longer than it is. The Lizard Peninsula is a long lone land which makes no compromise with the weary pedestrian, so that those who go to Helston must not be under the illusion that they have only to step out of their hotel to reach the southern extremity of Britain.

Helston is a sloping town overhanging the valley of the Cober. It is a fairly large place, with a wide central thoroughfare, enlivened by a little ruddy rill rattling merrily down each side. At the bottom of the street is a monumental gateway giving access to a bowling-green, which was once the site of a castle. In the valley below is a large sheet of water, the banks of which serve as a sort of public park. The church stands on a hill-side to the

north of the town. It was rebuilt by Lord Godolphin in 1703 in the fashion then approved of by people of taste; it is unattractive enough, but its tower looks well amongst the trees. At the corner of a street near it is a small Celtic cross. Helston is chiefly notable for its perpetuation of an ancient frolic called the Furry or Flora Dance. It is probably the survival of a pagan festival in honour of the coming of spring. It is celebrated about the 8th May, when the town goes *en fête*. The devil is said to be at the bottom of the commemoration, which the puritanically-minded will probably allow. He attempted to destroy the town by dropping a huge boulder upon it, but St. Michael, the town's celestial guardian, jogged his elbow and the deadly missile fell harmlessly. The 'hell stone' is still knocking about in the vicinity, but no one seems to know where. The inhabitants used to deck themselves with flowers and dance in and out of the houses singing the Furry song, an old folk-melody. Nowadays the dance has degenerated into a more or less orderly procession headed by a brass band braying incessantly the Furry tune.

Before embarking on more distant excursions the visitor should take a ramble through the beautiful woods of Penrose at the mouth of the valley below, for they have more to show than their wealth of foliage. Helston possesses one of the very few lakes in the duchy, and the walk through these woods skirts its waters. The lake, modestly known as Looe Pool, is not a real lake though it has all the appearance of one. It is the estuary of the Cober, across the mouth of which an obstructing bar of sand has been formed. The sheet of water is some two miles in length. It is draped to the brim with woods and is tuneful with 'the dreary melody of bedded reeds'. When the woods are bursting into leaf and the path carpeted with bluebells it presents a very fascinating spectacle. In front of the bar are spread the far-stretching Porthleven sands, which reach from Porthleven to the precipitous wall of the Hapzaphron cliffs. The ramble

should be continued to Porthleven, the port of Helston, which has a very spacious harbour ringed round with houses. It is a cheerful-looking place and makes some show of mercantile activity, but it can hardly be called a watering-place. There is a direct road back to Helston which crosses a hill and descends into the Cober valley.

There are several places to the north of Helston which will repay a visit. They may be comprehended in a single journey. One village, the church of which stands out conspicuously on a hill, is Breage (Brague). It is on the Penzance highway, but before reaching it Sithney Church will be observed in an almost equally elevated position to the right of the road as it mounts out of Helston. Sithney Church, on the whole, is more striking than interesting. It has a fair tower with some almost obliterated figures at the base of its pinnacles. On the chancel floor are the remnants of a brass of Roger Trewythynnyk, one of the king's justices. In the north aisle is a slab with a cross in relief and a slate monument with the arms of John Arundell (1671). On Prospidnick Hill, two miles to the north-east, are a logan stone (the Men Amber) and an overgrown cromlech, and on Longstone Down is a large granite menhir. Breage Church is an imposing structure worthy of its situation and has some notable contents. In its tower hangs the largest bell in Cornwall. It is said that a former vicar so disliked 'the jangling and the tinkling of the bells' that he had them melted down into one that their clamour might be concentrated into a single clang. On the north wall are the remains of some frescoes, and in the north aisle are a Roman milestone, the head of a cross, and some other fragments. There is another small cross in the churchyard. The screen and tower arch are modern. A personal interest attaches to Breage Church, for it was the burial place of Margaret (*d.* 1078), the wife of the first Earl Godolphin and 'the inviolable friend' of Evelyn, who wrote her life. The earl was the close friend and ally of

Marlborough and became Lord Treasurer. Sydney Godolphin, the poet, and one of 'the wheels of Charles's wain', was killed in a skirmish in 1643. In the south chapel are some helmets belonging to the family. Behind the village of Ashtown rises the fine hill of Tregoning on the summit of which are some earthworks. To the north of it is the less striking eminence of Godolphin, at the foot of which is Godolphin House, now a farm. Though no longer in its integrity.

. . . the old sequestered hall  
A venerable image yields  
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields.

It has lost some of its outstanding wings, but it has a dignified two-storeyed façade embodying a colonnade. The ridge, of which Tregoning and Godolphin hills are the crests, runs seawards and forms the fine promontory of Trewavas Head. On its side is a pillar of rock resembling a man in a shovel hat and known as 'the bishop'. Near some clay works at the western foot of Tregoning hill and hidden in a hollow is Germoe Church. The porch has two grotesque figures at the extremities of its gable with a crucifix above, and there is a good Decorated window near it. The interior preserves the base of its old screen, and in the north transept are some old benches and a large piscina. The stoup is inside the church. But the feature for which the church is famous is the curious canopied seat at the north end of the churchyard, known as St. Germoe's chair. It is a double-arched structure containing a triple sedilia, but its use and origin are unknown. In a field of the name of Tremen-Keverne there once stood three boulders of iron-grit stone from the neighbourhood of Crouza Down near St. Keverne. Their existence was explained by the story that St. Just from the Land's End paid a visit to St. Keverne at the Lizard, and requited his host's hospitality by carrying off his drinking-cup. When St. Keverne discovered the theft he flew into an unholy but not unnatural

rage, and picking up three stones he hurled them after his departing guest with his blessing, and here they fell. With this example of neighbourliness before them it is not surprising that the inhabitants of the district had not too good a reputation for civility. They were proverbial for their perverted ideas of hospitality.

God keep us from rocks and from shelving sands,  
And save us from Breage and Germoe's men's hands.

The rocks and the shoresmen around the coast were the dreaded teeth and claws which fed the jaws of death. The 'wreckers' were said to be mostly tinnerns, who when a ship seemed likely to come ashore assembled in huge gangs, equipped themselves with axes, and followed the doomed vessels on the cliffs until the catastrophe occurred.

Opposite to the turning to Germoe is a lane leading to Pengersick Castle and Praa (Prar) sands. Pengersick was built in the reign of Henry VIII and consists merely of a two-storey square tower and an outstanding turret. It is now a private residence, and was always strictly so, according to the story of its origin, for it is said to have been built by one Millaton who was either a fugitive from justice seeking refuge from his foes, or a wealthy merchant needing a safe for the security of his treasure. It is well adapted for either purpose, for it is like a fortified strong-room. Praa sands form the floor of a wide and well-sheltered bay between Trewavas Head and Cudden Point. The locality is now being exploited by the squatter and the speculative builder, and, though rather spoilt in consequence, is an attractive spot, and seems to have been regarded by others besides Millaton as beyond the long reach of the law. To the north of the beach are Prussia and Bessie Coves honeycombed with caverns which were formerly the resort of smugglers. Prussia Cove obtained its name from a tavern kept by a notorious 'free-trader' named Carter, who is alleged to have actually mounted a



battery on the cliff to keep at bay the revenue cutters. From Praa sands there is a cliff path to Porthleven.

Three miles to the north-west of Helston is Wendron, a village on the moors surrounded by abandoned tin mines. It was once the centre of an extensive parish which included Helston. The church has a chambered lych-gate, and near the south porch is a mutilated wheel cross and a sun-dial. The interior has one or two peculiarities. The north transept has a double arch and on the north wall of the chancel is a recess (probably used as an Easter sepulchre) with an external plinth, at the west end of which is a lancet window with a very low sill. At the entrance of the chancel is an altar slab, and in the chancel itself are a brass of a civilian and his wife, and the headless brass of Warine Penhalluryk (1535), a pluralist vicar who was likewise Rector of St. Just, Vicar of Stythians and Prebendary of Glassiney. The district possesses a remarkable collection of antiquities. At Trelill on the Falmouth road is a holy well with a shrine, at Roselidden is another well reached by a very long flight of steps, at Bodilly are the remains of an ancient chapel and elsewhere are several crosses and barrows.

The road to the Lizard runs straight down the backbone of the peninsula. It is an unsheltered, undeviating, and a fatiguingly monotonous journey, but no one who visits the Lizard, except on business, would think of taking the direct road all the way. The real charm of the district lies in its variegated coast scenery. The continuous pounding of the Atlantic breakers has scooped out of its rugged wall of cliffs a number of picturesque coves. The usual plan is to follow the coastguard track from Looe Pool to the Lizard, but if this is too heroic a programme a compromise may be arrived at which will enable the traveller both to visit the inland villages and to see the chief beauty spots on the coast. He can leave the main road at Cury (Kewry) Cross and take a by-road to Cury. The diversion entails the omission of the prettily-wooded dingle at Bochim, which

the main road threads. Cury Church stands by the way-side and has a fine Norman doorway and a very tall Celtic cross. The porch has a squint and there is another squint of unusual character at the corner of the south transept. It forms a passage, which is lighted by a small window, the internal angle of the wall being supported on a pillar, and the external wall being bulged out in a peculiar manner to accommodate it. There are rood stairs on both the north and south sides of the church. The road past Cury leads to Pol Dhu (Poljew) Bay, but before reaching the bay there is a pathway on the right across the golf links to Gunwalloe Church, which occupies quite a unique position. It stands on the shoreward side of a small humpy promontory which at high water is almost insulated. The waves creep round the church almost to the gate of its graveyard. It is said to have been built as a votive offering by someone who was shipwrecked on the shore. It is a fair-sized building with a pyramidally-roofed tower rising not from the church but from the bank of the knoll. In the churchyard is the base and head of a cross. Within the church are a late Norman font and the roughly-sculptured basin of a still older font. Two of the bays of the screen have been apparently adapted as doors. There are some traces of a cliff castle on the knoll behind the church. There is a path along the beach to Pol Dhu Bay, a pleasant inlet intersected by a stream. On the cliff above is a wireless receiving station and a large hotel.

Two of the famous sights of the Lizard, Mullion Cove and Kynance Cove, have yet to be seen. Unless the cliff path is taken a detour has to be made through Mullion village, the church tower of which will be seen on the higher ground. The village is a crooked little place but has a very attractive church. On the tower face a crucifix will be observed. The interior has been reformed and displays an elaborate modern rood-screen. Portions of the old screen still survive in the north aisle and there is a most remarkable series of carved bench-ends, each one

bearing a different device. One is a quaint representation of Jonah in the whale's belly. The church likewise retains its original doors, the one on the south has a small latchet at its base, supposed to be for the use of dogs. The cove is a mile from the village. It is a picturesque rock-fenced gap in the cliff, out of which a small harbour has been formed. Across the mouth of the cove is an islet. Half a mile to the north is another inlet, Polurrian Cove, almost as pretty and rather more open. The visitor will have to return to Mullion to rejoin the highway to the Lizard and he will now have to traverse the most desolate stage of his journey, for his way lies over the wild region of the Goonhilly Downs, an unrelieved expanse of furzy moorland dotted with barrows and the remains of hut circles. To the left of the road amongst a clump of trees will be seen the tower of the church of Ruan Major. It is a melancholy building which seems to have despaired of retaining a congregation, for its aisles have been demolished and the arches (two of which were peculiar) blocked up. Near a large Marconi station and an adjoining string of cottages is a pathway leading to Kynance Cove. Kynance Cove is a more popular resort than even Mullion. It lies deep down below the cliff and its sandy beach is reached by a rough track. It owes its fame to its serpentine rocks which assume fantastic shapes, and its blow-holes furnish the tripper with some sensational amusement. There are some gorgeous caverns in the vicinity.

Where under the caves  
The echoing waves  
Are green as the forest's night.

It is perhaps rather more singular than beautiful, but it commands a fine view of the jagged wall of cliff terminating in the Old Lizard Head. On Rill Head, which commands a fine view of Mounts Bay, on the north of the cove are some boulders known as the Devil's Apron Strings. He

was carrying the stones in his apron to build a bridge across the Channel for the convenience of smugglers when the strings broke. It is said that he found his vocabulary unequal to the occasion.

Facing the real Lizard is the straggling collection of houses known as Lizard Town. They look bare and unpicturesque against the skyline as the traveller approaches them, but they serve to relieve the sense of dreary isolation which a journey across this unpeopled waste induces. The Lizard itself, however, at least on a sunny day with

No circling hills the ravished eye to bound  
But earth and sky and ocean blazing all around,

is a cheerful-looking and charmingly coloured headland with nothing very menacing in its aspect. There is nothing reptilian about it, even in name; it is the Lis-arth or High Court, a title suggestive of its nobility. It stretches as an undulating plateau into the sea, crowned by its trimly-ordered lighthouse and edged with low cliffs, which serve as a foil to the smooth declivities above. It is seen at its best across the yawning gap of Housel Bay, where the cliffs, by way of contrast, are dark, precipitous, and savage. When Sir John Killigrew in 1611 established the first beacon on the Lizard the people bitterly complained that he had 'taken the grace of God from them', by which, he declared, they meant that 'they should receive no more benefit from shipwreck', for it was interfering with an 'act of God'. The light cost Sir John ten shillings a night for coal. A chasm or funnel known as the Lion's Den has been formed on the western face of the headland by the collapse of a cave in 1847. The Lizard Peninsula is really a blunt-ended promontory, for on the west of the Bumble Head, the real Lizard, is its rival, the 'Palae or Old Lizard', a precipitous corner stretching itself out in sullen aloofness as if disgruntled at finding itself superseded. Between the two is the little sandy harbour

of Polpeor, where fishing boats find a southerly haven of refuge and where the lifeboat station is located. A dangerous reef of rocks, known as the Stags, runs far out to sea between Polpeor and the adjoining inlet of Polbrean Cove. There are two other places which should be seen to complete the visitor's impression of the most southerly point in Britain. These are Landewednack and Cadgwith Cove. Landewednack lies half a mile to the east of the Lizard and can be reached either by a cliff-path from Housel Bay or by the road from Lizard Town. It is a mere cluster of cottages set in a tree-clad dell and comes as a surprise, for it is quite rural in aspect. As approached from the road there is scarcely a hint of the sea about it until below the church it is seen insinuating itself between a cleft in the cliffs. The church stands in the centre of a large graveyard on the slope of this leafy hollow. Like Cury Church it has a Norman doorway, a squint in its porch and the same kind of passage-like hagioscope, lighted by a window, in its transept. The pulpit has absorbed the remnants of its bench-ends. The fifteenth-century font bears the donor's name, 'Ric Bocham'. Landewednack has the double distinction of being the most southerly church in Britain and the last place where the old Cornish liturgy was used. Cadgwith Cove is still farther to the east below the village of Ruan Minor, and can be reached from Landewednack by a cliff-path. It has a sandy shore walled round by high cliffs, and a few cottages are gathered round its beach. On its western side is a great hollow with a natural arch known as the Frying Pan, caused, as at the Lizard, by the falling in of a cavern. A little to the east of Cadgwith is Carleon Cove, a small sandy bay at the mouth of the Poltesco valley, acombe of rugged rocks watered by a stream. Ruan Minor Church fulfils the implication of its name, for it is a modest-looking building pushed into a corner of the village. It contains little of note except a rather unusual Norman circular font and a piscina, the basin of which is ornamented with chip-carving.

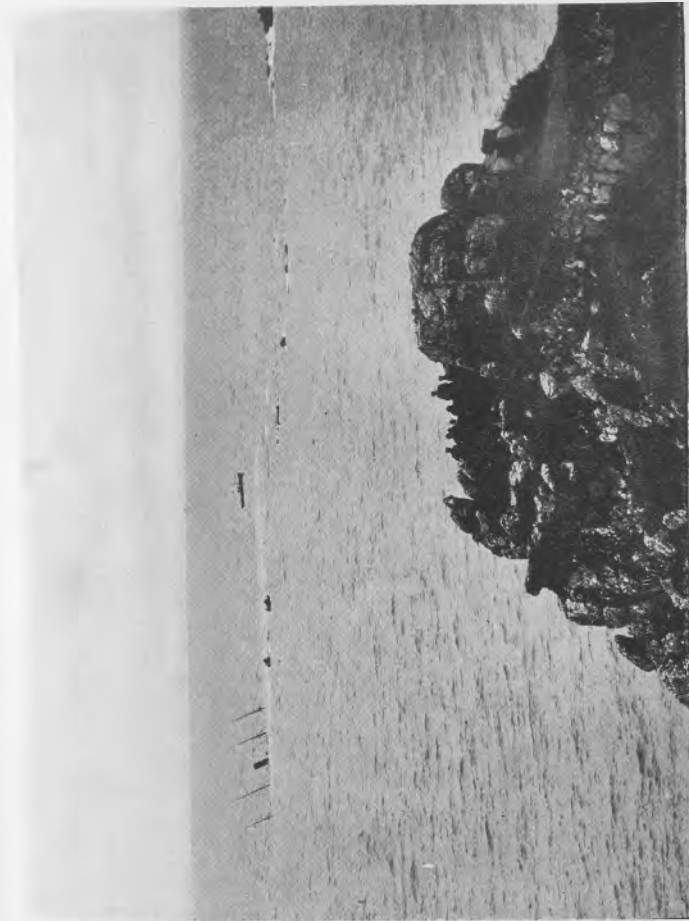
St. Ruan is traditionally said to have lived here as a hermit and his well, covered by a pretty little shrine, is near the road between the village and Grade Church, which stands out bleakly on a hill beyond. Grade Church, with the exception of its tower, has been entirely rebuilt in rather cheap style, but it contains on its chancel floor a brass to James Essey and wife (1525). From Grade a road connects with the main road back to Helston.

The Lizard Peninsula has another centre of interest besides the Lizard itself, for it is a lop-sided promontory, as will be seen from a map. It has a bulky protuberance facing east, of which Manacles Point is the chief feature. These two halves of the peninsula are quite distinct regions, and the mariner who confuses them involves himself in disaster. To a landsman a similar mistake is not attended with such serious consequences, but it would prove inconvenient if he desired to see the Lizard and found himself at the Manacles, for the headlands are some ten miles apart. The confusion in both cases is inexcusable. It is said that in days gone by a skipper who thought that he was rounding the Lizard and found himself caught on the Manacles used to cover the name of his vessel with a sail to prevent his error of judgment being published abroad. Yet the mistake has been made scores of times. The traveller could just as easily get out of his reckoning if it were not for a directing post, for the highway to both ends of the peninsula is the same for the first two miles out of Helston. There is something uncompromising about this signpost at the parting of the ways. It points so boldly to the long stretch of monotonous road which in each case has to be traversed, though the Manacles road is the more varied of the two. It has likewise, however, to cross the Goonhilly Downs. When it reaches the boulder-strewn waste of the Crousa Downs, in the vicinity of a Nonconformist chapel, will be found a curious cromlech, known as the Three Brothers of Gugwith. It consists of a heavy capstone resting on two cubical supporters and evidently

once formed a burial chamber. Beyond the Three Brothers a road leads off to Coverack Bay—a spacious and picturesque inlet with an incipient watering-place rising round its shore, and is notable for its serpentine rocks. But Coverack is only an incidental feature in the journey to St. Keverne, which is the main objective of the tour. It is said that metal will not run within the sound of St. Keverne's bells, for the saint, whose temper seems to have been touchy, laid a curse upon the land as a punishment for the inhospitable reception he met with in the locality. It sounds as if he had found the collections disappointing.

Never was heard such a terrible curse ;  
But what gave rise to no little surprise  
Nobody seemed one penny the worse ;

for the farmer, if not the miner, seems actually to have profited by it. Round St. Keverne is a fertile belt of country, quite unusual in a district so close to the sea. St. Keverne is a large village with a specially fine church which might be termed the cathedral of Lizard Land. Its tower carries an octagonal spire, and its interior, which is very handsome and spacious, has three sets of rood stairs, a curious font, a Jacobean pulpit, and some good bench-ends. But the objects which will chiefly arrest attention are the pathetic mementoes of the victims of the sinister headland which adjoins the village. Hanging at the west end of the church are a sword from the wreck of the *Despite* in 1869 and a gudgeon from the *Penrose*, lost in 1809, whilst in the churchyard is a cross to commemorate those who perished in the ill-fated *Mohegan* in 1908. The dreaded Manacles, 'where wind and sea in stormy nuptials joined' to celebrate their unholy union in wild tumult, is a snub-nosed promontory with a reef of half-concealed rocks below it running far out to sea. On this reef hundreds of unwary mariners have 'toiled and shrieked and perished in the wave'. No one can look upon it without experiencing something of the horror one would feel in gazing



WRECK OF THE 'MOHEGAN' ON THE MANACLES



upon the features of some arch-criminal. On the northern side of the headland in a little cove at the mouth of a narrow combe is the primitive village of Porthoustock. Its picturesqueness is rather spoilt, however, by the quarry staging overhanging its beach. From Porthoustock there is a road to Porthallow which is a couple of miles to the north. Porthallow, too, is at the mouth of a combe, but the valley, which is threaded by a stream, is wider and the strand more spacious. From Porthallow the traveller should make his way over the hill towards Manaccan, and in the course of his journey he will catch a glimpse of the Helford estuary, but what will concern him more immediately is the Durra River. At Carn, which lies deep down in the valley at the head of the creek, he will be well advised if, instead of proceeding at once to Manaccan, he crosses the stream by the mill and pursues the beautifully wooded lane that skirts its estuary. It is a long digression, but it is worth the trouble it entails, for it is a delightful walk along a path carpeted all the way in springtime with wild hyacinths. When he approaches the mouth of the estuary he will discover the church of St. Anthony-in-Meneage, situated under the hill-side almost on the verge of the water. For the beauty of its surroundings the church has few rivals, except St. Winnow and St. Just in Roseland. With the estuary in front and the woods behind, it presents a picture of idyllic charm. Like Gunwalloe Church it is said to owe its existence to the fulfilment of a vow. Some voyagers from Normandy overtaken by a storm vowed to build a church to St. Anthony if he would guide them to a place of safety. The vessel came to anchor in Gillan creek and here, when the voyagers came ashore, they built the church. The edifice has a ribbed porch, two lancet windows, a circular font with an inscription and some initials, and the fragments of a wheel cross in its churchyard. The entrance to its rood loft is in the external wall, a most exceptional position. Each of the headlands at the mouth of the river has a prehistoric

encampment, one of which was re-fortified during the Civil War. A road over the hill at the back of the church will enable the traveller to complete his journey to Manaccan, near which is a road to Helford Passage, where there is a pretty hamlet amongst the trees. Manaccan bears some resemblance to Veryan. Its cottages are disposed in much the same pretty and haphazard fashion on the hill-side. The church is famous amongst excursionists for the fig-tree which grows out of its south-west corner. To the antiquary more interesting is the Norman doorway close by. The church has evidently been widened, for the chancel roof is corbelled out on one side. In the transept is a hagiocope. Polwhele became vicar here in 1797. The road from Manaccan to Helston passes Trelowarren, once the home of Sir Richard Vivian, the last 'hope of the stern unbending Tories', for he it was who endeavoured to stem the advancing tide of democracy by moving the rejection of the Reform Bill. In the grounds is a fogon, or underground passage, now partially in a state of collapse. From Trelowarren the road dips into a valley to negotiate one of the many creeks of the Helford river. On the hill on the other side of the vale is Mawgan village, in the centre of which is a menhir. The church is as attractive and interesting as its situation is pleasant. In the south transept, which has a double arch, is an elaborate passage hagiocope similar to the one at St. Cury, and under a recess are the thirteenth-century effigies of a knight and his lady. In the north aisle, which has a fine wagon roof, are some slate monuments of the Vivians, and there is a rather curiously fashioned font.

## CHAPTER XIII

## 'THE GUARDED MOUNT'

Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.

MILTON

I looked and saw between us and the sun  
A building on an island.

SHELLEY

WHAT'S in a name?' Some people seem to imagine that 'Marazion' is a 'blessed word' in which a good deal of unwritten history is wrapped up. They picture the place as having been once a sort of 'King Solomon's mines' to which Hiram's navy came to take on board their cargoes of Cornish tin. Where money is to be made Hebrew financiers congregate, and it is therefore popularly conjectured that the metal marked here was in the hands of enterprising Shylocks who financed the Phoenician traders and called the place of their lucrative exile Marah Zion. To confirm the correctness of these deductions it is only necessary to quote its synonym 'Market Jew', and to point to Port Isaac and to the number of 'Jews' Houses' scattered up and down the mining area. The argument in spite of its seeming plausibility is, however, fallacious. Philologists assert that though the name implies the existence of a market there is nothing Hebraic about it. It is a purely native product. 'The two words represent the Cornish tongue of different periods. *Margha* meant market with *ion* for plural, and *Mara* also meant market with *ion* for plural.' So we have the two alternatives of 'Market Jew' and 'Marazion' as later

times have corruptly preserved them. Whether or not the Phoenicians ever came to Cornwall at all is a moot point. The idea that Marazion was the miners' port seems to have arisen from a passage in Diodorus, who says, 'The inhabitants carry the tin to a certain island on the coast of Britain called Iktis. During the recess of the tide, the intermediate space being left dry, they carry over abundance of tin to this place in their carts. There the merchants buy it of the natives and transport it to Gaul.' The description might well apply to St. Michael's Mount, but Diodorus did not always write from first-hand knowledge, and he is occasionally suspected of relying on his imagination to fill in the gaps in his information. The formation of the coast was probably different in Diodorus's day. Florence of Worcester declares that the Mount was once six miles from the sea. Some scholars think that Iktis was the Isle of Wight. In any case the markets which gave Marazion its name were the fairs established for the convenience or plunder of the pilgrims who resorted to the shrine of St. Michael.

If it was the proximity of the Mount which made the prosperity of Marazion in times gone by, it is the Mount which gives it its interest to-day. Marazion itself is a long straggling place of virtually a single street skirting the shore which faces the Mount. It has a beach of sorts, rather incommenced by rocks, and enjoys a pleasant climate, but it has otherwise but few attractions. It scarcely needs them with so fine a possession within its embrace. There is something very fascinating about the Mount. It rises abruptly from the sea, a grand pyramid of mingled granite and slate, to the height of two hundred and thirty feet, with its summit romantically crowned by its chapel and mansion. It completely dominates the scene. It is always coming unexpectedly into view and it changes with every change of the day. Sometimes it looms up dim and mysterious through the haze, sometimes it stands out clear and distinct, beautiful alike in colour



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

and form, and sometimes it looks dark, frowning, and forbidding. But whether, when in the sheeny promise of the morning it seems 'half lost in the liquid azure of a crescent of sea', or when 'the sun's last splendour lights the day', it is tinted with roseate hues, or when it is sharply silhouetted against the sky as

The full-orbed moon, in dazzling silver dyed,  
Hangs o'er the dark and melancholy tide,

whether bathed in summer brilliance or wrapped in winter storm it is always grandly impressive. The view from the summit is striking and far-reaching, but it does not make such an appeal to the imagination as the view of the rock from the shore. Of all Cornish memories none will linger longer in the mind than 'the great vision of the guarded mount' rising superbly from its circle of gleaming water.

There clings to the Mount not only a certain religious awe but something of the romance of history. In the fifth century St. Michael appeared on its rocky summit, and he must have brandished over it his flaming sword, for warfare has been its heritage. It was doubtless the archangel's visit which gave it its early religious repute, but the monastery which, in consequence of that reputation, subsequently rose upon the rock was the creation of Edward the Confessor, who bestowed it upon the monks of its Norman namesake. Like Durham it was as much a fortress as a shrine, and like Oxford it was a last home of lost causes. During the absence of Richard I it was held by Henry de Pomeroy for John, but it was surrendered on the royal captive's return. In the reign of Edward IV, the Earl of Oxford and some companions, on their flight from the stricken field of Barnet, gained an entrance to the monastery in the guise of pilgrims and fortified themselves there until they secured a pardon. In the reign of Henry VII, the wife of Perkin Warbeck, the 'Fair Rose of Scotland', found a temporary asylum on the Mount,



whilst her husband went on his mad attempt to wrest the kingdom from the usurper. During the Western Counties' rising of 1549, its governor, Humphrey Arundell, made it a rebel stronghold and paid for his treason on the scaffold. In the great Civil War, the Roundhead, Colonel Hammond, dislodged its Royalist garrison by mounting a battery at Ludgvan.

It is invaded now only by tourists who perpetually clamour for admission. They are rewarded only by a sight of its grounds and chapel. The monastery which existed on the Mount was for both monks and nuns. At its dissolution the property was bestowed upon the Bassets, and it ultimately passed to the St. Aubyns. Sir John St. Aubyn was the only individual whom Sir Robert Walpole exempted from his dictum that 'every man has his price'. The rock stands about a third of a mile from the shore and is a mile in circumference. It is united to the mainland by a causeway, which, however, is only exposed at low tide. On the north side of the island is a little harbour and a few cottages. In the spring the cliff is a mass of daffodils and bluebells. In the centre of the pile of buildings on its summit is the chapel which has a square tower with a beacon turret. To clamber on to this turret and seat themselves in what was termed St. Michael's chair was deemed an exploit which entitled the performers to marital supremacy, which no doubt any woman who was determined to achieve the feat was already qualified to exercise. The mansion, which adjoins the chapel, incorporates some of the conventual buildings, but these have been much altered and extended. A steep path winds up to the house and passes some remnants of the Norman gateway. The entrance to the chapel is from a small courtyard, and in front of the door mounted on a balustrade is the sculptured head of a fourteenth-century cross. There is another mediaeval cross in the grounds. The chapel is chiefly fourteenth- and fifteenth-century work, plain but dignified. It contains an exquisitely sculptured

reredos and a fine chandelier. A doorway on the south, long concealed, leads down to a vault which, when discovered, contained the bones of a man of exceptional size. The drawing-room of the mansion adjoins the chapel and was the monastic refectory.

Marazion has a church of its own, but its mother-church is St. Hilary, the spire of which rises from a group of trees a couple of miles away. In a ramble to St. Hilary should be included a visit to Perranuthnoe. Perranuthnoe is a village on a small bay sheltered by the low craggy promontory of Cudden Point. It apparently does not think much of its maritime possibilities, for only a rough lane leads down to the shore, which is not very attractive. The church is a fifteenth-century building of the usual Cornish type and has over its entrance a roughly carved figure of St. James. The way to St. Hilary is through the large and pleasant village of Goldsithney on the Redruth road. A lane on the north leads to St. Hilary's Church, which is smothered in trees. The original fabric was destroyed by fire in 1853, and its successor is a rather finicking example of modern Decorated Gothic. Happily the tower and spire escaped this conflagration. It is said that the spire, which is adorned with some rude figures, used to be whitewashed to serve as a landmark to mariners, but with its leafy screen it could even then have never been very conspicuous. In one of the chapels of the church is a cresset stone, a contrivance used in the Middle Ages as a receptacle for holding oil and a wick to serve the purpose of a public match-box from which anyone could get a light. The chief interest of St. Hilary's Church, however, is the collection of ancient sepulchral stones which it possesses. Near the south entrance to the graveyard is a large stone with the curious inscription 'Noti, Noti', and opposite to it is an incised coffin slab. Near the porch is a wheel cross and a mutilated cross head, whilst within the church is a Roman milestone bearing an inscription in honour of the Emperor Constantine. Westwards from St. Hilary a

field-path leads to an open moor. In the distance stretches a fine range of hills amongst which Castle-an-Dinas and Tren Crom stand out prominently. A road to the north brings the wayfarer eventually to a path running across some fields to St. Erth, which however can be more readily reached from Hayle. St. Erth's Church stands in the valley of the Hayle river near a picturesque bridge, which was old even in Leland's time, and has had to be enlarged in the interests of modern traffic. The village rises up the hill-side beyond. In its centre on the top of the hill but pushed into a corner is a tall and clumsily fashioned cross carved with a figure. The church is a rather pleasing fifteenth-century structure with a tower bearing on the angles of its upper storey some grotesque figures. The interior contains an elaborate modern screen. On a hill to the north-east are some remains of an earthwork, believed to be of Roman origin.

There is another church, Ludgvan (Ludgevan), in the vicinity of Marazion which, though not intrinsically of great interest, is worth visiting on account of its fine situation. The larger part of the village is at Crowlas on the St. Ives' road, but the church stands on the top of the hill above. It is a large but rather bare-looking fifteenth-century building with a good tower. On the south side of the church are some remains of the lancet windows of an earlier structure and the font has a Norman cable moulding. On the east wall of the graveyard is a small round-headed cross. Borlase, the Cornish antiquary, was rector here for fifty-two years and there is a monument to him in the church, but his best memorial are his works, to which every one interested in Cornish archaeology owe a debt of gratitude universally acknowledged. Though his theories are not always sound, his facts are invaluable. The well at Ludgvan has the curious reputation of conferring upon persons baptized in its waters immunity from the hangman's noose. A Ludgvan woman was, however, once upon a time hanged, to the dismay of the parish, but the fame of

the well was re-established when it was discovered that she had been baptized elsewhere. Possibly the rope on the font had something to do with the superstition. The return to Marazion should be made by the fields, for they command a superb view of St. Michael's Mount and the surrounding district.